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Josias Jackson

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

PLEASANT TALES,

TO

IMPROVE THE MIND,

AND

CORRECT THE MORALS

OF

YOUTH.

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LITTLE CHARLES;

OR,

THE GOOD SON.

IN a cottage, on the confines of a wood, in one of the most wild and desolate parts of Cumberland, resided an unfortunate family, of the name of Berry. Mr. Berry had once been a respectable merchant, but re-

peated misfortunes had reduced him to the most deplorable state of poverty, and nothing but a sense of the justice of God, prevented him from becoming the victim of despair. Driven from the haunts of men, to seek for shelter and protection amidst those desolate wilds—a daily spectator of the wants of his beloved wife and children, without being able to relieve them; and even in this dreadful solitude, expecting, each hour, to be pursued and taken by his creditors;

ditors;—his feelings were more acute, and his situation more calamitous, than words can express.

Barley bread, which they procured from a village, four miles from their cottage, was their only food, excepting that sometimes it was varied with fish, which the unhappy Berry caught, in the stream which wandered through the grove. In this cheerless solitude, no ray of comfort appeared to

gladden the scene, unless when, in the hour of devout reflection, religious faith pointed to brighter worlds, where the virtuous are rewarded with unfading crowns of glory.

Every passing day increased the misery of their situation; the small sum of money which they brought with them, was almost entirely expended, and absolute want stared them in the face. Mr. and Mrs. Berry had three children, two girls and

and a boy, who were as amiable as they were pretty. Charles, one day, hearing his father lamenting their unhappy fate, said, "Do not weep papa, God Almighty will send us relief, for it was but yesterday I read these words in the Testament, "ask, and you shall receive;" so then, papa, I fell on my knees, and prayed to our good Creator, that he would not suffer us to starve."—"Dear child," said Mrs. Berry, shedding tears as she spoke, and kissing his

rosy cheek, "may you always remain good and innocent."—"I am a stout little boy," said Charles, "and will get you some money, if you please."—"How, my dear?" asked his parents.—"O! I will work."—"Who will employ such a child as you are, Charles?"—"The man, papa, where we buy our barley-meal. When I went to the village last, he asked me if I would come and live with him, he wanted a boy, like me, to run of his errands."—"And what did

did you say, my dear?"—"That I would ask my mother's leave."—"You did not mention your father, I hope?" said Mrs. Berry.—"O dear, no mamma—you told me not to speak of him, and it would be wicked to disobey you."

Poor Mrs. Berry and her husband could not, at first, bear the idea of parting with Charles to a stranger, and in so mean a capacity; but, on a second application, their necessities were become

become so pressing, that they were obliged to submit; and Charles having taken an affectionate leave of his parents and sisters, entered into the service of the baker.

The baker was much pleased with his little servant, who performed every thing he was requested to do with cheerful alacrity. The second day of his residence in the village, the baker's wife returned from a gentleman's house, in the neighbourhood where

where she had been on business to the house-keeper. "Well," said she to her husband, "Mrs. Comfit has been enquiring if I can recommend her to a plain work woman; but I am sure I do not know who, the girls of the village are all of them indolent and slovenly."—"If you please, Ma'am," said Charles, "my mother and sisters work very neat;—only look what pretty small stiches there are in my shirt-collar and wristbands." —"That is very true," replied the

the baker's wife, "but who will answer for her honesty: a pretty piece of work it would be, if I were to get the linen stolen, what would become of me." Tears started into the eyes of little Charles, and his cheeks were crimsoned with honest pride: "*My* mother, Ma'am," said he, "is too good and too religious to wrong any one. No, no; we may be poor, but never dishonest."—"I believe you are a very good child;" said the baker, "here is sixpence for you,

you, and wife give him a shirt, and some pocket-handkerchiefs for his mother to make." Though the woman was not of so good and unsuspicious temper as her husband, she immediately complied with his request, and Charles had permission to visit his parents and remain with them till the next morning. With a cheerful and a grateful heart he quitted the good baker, and hastened towards the lonely habitation of his parents. The village, where the baker resided,

lay

lay in a deep valley: Charles had therefore a very high and rugged hill to climb, and to descend on the other side before he could arrive at his father's cottage; but, unmindful of the pain which he felt in his legs, and the excessive fatigue which his hard day's work occasioned, Charles toiled up the steep ascent, inspirited by the sweet thought, that he was going to give comfort to his good parents, whose numberless kindnesses Charles had sense enough to know

know his utmost attention could never repay. As he came within sight of the cottage, his father, who sat at the door looking pensively at the moon, saw him coming, and ran into the cottage to inform his mother of the arrival of her son. "Poor little fellow," said he, "there is no doubt but he is already weary of a life of toil and dependence. Alas! what will become of us?"—"Trust in God," said Mrs. Berry, "he will never forsake us while we

are good." Charles, though much tired, entered with a smile on his charming countenance. "I am come, dear parents," said he, "to bring you comfort; here is sixpenny-worth of white bread for your suppers, a shirt for my mother to make, for which she will be paid I know not how much money, and some pocket-handkerchiefs for my sisters to hem."—"Good child!" said his parents, folding him to their bosoms, "good child, your filial tenderness will

be

be rewarded by that Omnipotent Being, who delights in goodness."—" What makes us all cry, mamma?" said Charles affectionately, kissing the tears from her cheeks, " you weep, papa weeps, and so do I; and yet somehow I was never so happy in my life."—" These, my child," said Mrs. Berry, " are precious tears, the tears of rapture and of thankfulness."

Mary and Elizabeth Berry were in bed, but the voice of

their beloved brother arouzed them from their light slumbers; he tenderly kissed them, and, in a short time, the inhabitants of the cottage retired to rest, and sunk into the sweetest repose imaginable.

Charles arose with the lark, took an affectionate leave of his family, and returned to the village long before the baker opened his shop. His master was much pleased at his attention; and Charles, to show his gratitude

tude for the kindness and indulgence he had experienced from this good man, was more assiduous to please than ever. The day Mrs. Berry had appointed him to fetch the work she had undertaken, he was again permitted to go to the cottage; and, as a reward for his industry, his master gave him some white biscuits, a pitcher of milk, and a small quantity of butter. His presence made a little jubilee at the cottage; the exertions of this good child had restored *hope* to

the bosom of his late despondent father, and he looked forward to better days.

When Charles returned with the work his mother had completed, the baker's wife was so charmed with its neat execution, that she immediately sent her a very large supply; and, by constaint application, Mrs. Berry for several succeeding weeks was enabled to provide comfortably for her family.

Charles

Charles had now been six weeks with the baker, when one day his master called to him, and said, "Charles, my good boy, wash your face and hands, and go with this bill to Squire Goodman's, at the Hall." Charles immediately, and with cheerfulness, began to obey the commands of his master; and having made himself very clean, hastened to the hall. Having waited some little time in the kitchen, he was desired to walk into the dining-room. Charles entered

entered with a graceful, and at the same time modest, bow; but who can paint his feelings, when, on raising his eyes, he beheld one of his father's principal creditors, seated by the side of Mr. Goodman.

The gentleman immediately knew him, "Ah! Charles Berry, my fine boy," said he, "how long have you been in this part of England." Charles answered, "Six months, Sir." —"Where is your father?"—

"That,

"That, Sir," said Charles, "I must not tell."—"Why?" asked the Gentleman. "Because I promised my father not to tell."—"I am your father's friend."—"God bless you for it."—"Now you are assured of this, you can have no objection to speaking of his asylum."—"My father says, nothing can sanction a falsehood. You may beat me, confine me, or any thing worse; but you shall never tempt me to injure my dear parents, or tell an untruth." Thus saying

saying he withdrew, leaving the gentleman highly delighted with his courage and virtue, and hastened, as fast as ever he could, to his master, to whom he communicated the unfortunate circumstances of his father, but not even to his benefactor would he tell the place of his residence. His master, who had a very compassionate heart, immediately gave him permission to visit his parents, and inform them of their principal creditor

creditor being in the neighbourhood of their retreat.

It was mid-day, and poor Charles did not pass to his father's cottage unseen. The windows of Goodman - Hall, commanded a distinct view over the hill, which led to his father's cottage. Mr. Heartley, the gentleman who had interrogated Charles, immediately mounted his horse and followed him, and arrived at the cottage within two minutes after him. At the sight

of

of this gentleman, poor Mr. Berry gave himself up for lost; and his children clung, weeping round him, and entreated Mr. Heartley not to drag their dear papa to a dark prison. "Be calm, my dear little ones," said he, "I came to make you all happy. Your Mother's uncle is dead, on his return from India, and has left her an immense fortune." Joy now took entire possession of their late despondent bosoms. They immediately removed from

from their cottage to a very elegant house, where their future days were passed in acts of kindness and good-will to their fellow creatures.

My little readers may imagine the good baker and his wife were liberally rewarded by Charles, whose history I hope will inspire every child who peruses it, to emulate his *virtue, truth, and filial love.*

CLARA AND *AMELIA*;

A TALE.

"I Don't like to read now, I don't like to write, or to work," said Amelia Waldron to her governess, "why cannot I always play, like Miss Osborne?"—"O! you certainly may, if you please;" replied her sensible governess, "if you wish to

to be a poor ignorant child, fit only for a companion to Miss Osborne, who, poor little creature, is greatly to be pitied, in my opinion, though Lady Saville asserted yesterday, she thought her worthy only of contempt. Come Clara, my love," she continued, "we will finish this flower, then take a lesson in natural history; in the meantime, Amelia, you may dispose of your time as you think fit."—Amelia ran delighted into the garden, while Clara

seated herself at her embroidering frame.

"I am much pleased with the expressions of content and happiness which your countenance expresses, Clara;" said Miss Stanton, "it is a sensible pleasure to me, that you are capable to appreciate real, from UN-real pleasures. You will doubly enjoy the walk I mean you to take in the evening, from a consciousness that you are deserving such an indulgence,

gence, while poor Amelia, who is now fatiguing herself with play, will, before night, or I am much mistaken, be heartily tired of her amusements, which she is now pursuing with such avidity."—"I should like to play as well as Amelia," said Clara, "but that I am sure your superior understanding must be more capable of discerning what is right, than mine, which is uninformed, and, therefore, not equal to a discrimination of

the kind."—"Your natural understanding, my dear Clara, is a very good one, and will, every day, improve; but you are not sufficiently experienced to become your own guide."—"Certainly not," replied Clara.—"You are so good, my dear Clara, that I am inclined to entertain you with a conversation, which passed at Lady Saville's yesterday, and shews how necessary it is, to attend to the improvement of the mind.

"I

"I am often shocked at the ignorance, which many young ladies display on the subject of Natural History, and am astonished how beings, possessed of common understanding, can be content to remain uninformed of things, so necessary to be known.

"I dined with some young ladies, yesterday, who appeared very pleasant companions, while conversing on the common topics of the day; the conversation

tion turning on Natural History, one of them asked, if the *Sturgeon* was not a very *little fish*. A gentleman present, replied, with a smile, that the *Sturgeon* was as large as a shark, with a form, equally terrible; yet, notwithstanding, he continued, its terrific appearance, it is the most timid and harmless creature imaginable; it flies from the smallest fishes, and often falls a victim to its own gentleness. The mouth of this animal is small, situated beneath

the

the nose, and without jaw-bones or teeth. There are three kinds of this fish, Common Sturgeon, the Cavian Sturgeon (from the roe of which that noted delicacy, called Cavian, is made, and the Huso, or Isinglass fish. "Isinglass fish," said one of the ladies, "that is an odd name."—"And what is singular to you," continued the gentleman, "you are eating a part of the fish I have been describing."—"Impossible," replied the lady, "your eyes must certainly deceive

ceive you, I am eating a jelly." —"True," replied the gentleman, "one of the principal ingredients of which was a part of a Sturgeon. Isinglass is made from the entrails, the fins, and the tails of this fish. The persons employed in this business, cut them into small pieces; on these, a quantity of warm water is thrown, and they are all boiled after, over a slow fire, where they are dissolved, and reduced to a jelly. This jelly is spread upon instruments, made

for

for the purpose, so that, drying, it assumes the form of parchment, and, when quite dry, it is rolled into the forms which we see in the shops."—The ladies blushed, and hung down their heads, ashamed of the ignorance they had discovered."

"And well they might," said Clara, "I, who am not twelve years old, would have been ashamed at betraying such ignorance."—Amelia now entered,

tered, her frock torn, her hair disordered, her hands dirty, and her cheeks flushed with fever. "I am very, very sick" said she, "and my head aches amazingly, I wish I were asleep." —"Is it possible," said Miss Stanton, "you can wish to sleep, my dear, before your usual bed hour, especially, as you have my permission to pass the day in amusing yourself." —"I am so weary, and so ill, I know not what to do with myself. I have ran all round the

garden

garden, plucking roses and sweet briar, but the thorns have wounded my fingers, see, Madam, how they bleed."—" I am afraid you have offended the gardener, by some means, else, surely, he would have spared you the trouble of gathering your nosegay."—" O! indeed I have not, he offered to assist me, but I told him I had permission to do just as I pleased, for one day; so he smiled, I plucked what flowers I liked, and dirtied and wound-

ed my fingers, as you see."—"In what manner," asked Miss Stanton, "did you tear your frock?"—"In crossing a stile leading to the meadow—Jenny told me it was very wrong to attempt it, at which I was very angry, for, if it had been wrong, you would not have given me leave to do it, and so I told her."—Miss Stanton shook her head.—"My dear," said she, "this day's experience, I hope, will teach you, that a child, like you, has not discretion

cretion enough to guide herself. Girls of your age, are apt to imagine themselves capable of directing their actions, and selecting their own amusements. How often, when I have insisted on your not plucking roses and sweet-briar, have you pouted, and conceived me unkind and severe, in not allowing you to follow the bent of your inclinations. You must now be convinced, my motives resulted from a wish to make you comfortable. You are, my

dear, like all other children of ten and eleven years old, incapable of guiding yourself, and must, therefore, submit to be instructed by those, who are older and more experienced."

Amelia was a little sensible girl, who sincerely loved her governess, and who listened, attentively, to her admonitions. She was so fatigued, that though it wanted several hours to evening, she begged leave to go to bed, a request which her governess

verness immediately acceded to, while she and Clara took a delightful walk. As they passed a poor cottage, Clara remarked, with tears in her eyes, a poor little child, almost destitute of clothes, and, with a generosity which did honour to her heart and her understanding, requested permission of Miss Stanton, to give all the money in her pocket, which did not amount to more than half a crown, to the mother of the child—"It will help," said this good

girl, "to buy her some shoes." Miss Stanton, delighted with the goodness of heart which her young pupil evinced, gave a ready and joyful consent, and Clara, with a tear of rapture glistening in her eye, poured her little treasure into the lap of the poor cottager, who, with a grateful heart, thanked her for her goodness.

Clara returned home, with a cheerful heart and smiling countenance, and slept as sweetly as health

health and innocence could make her. In the morning, Amelia seated herself at her embroidery frame, no longer desirous of spending the day in idleness.—"Do you any longer envy Miss Osborne?" asked her governess.—"No, dear Madam, from the specimen I had yesterday of *uncontrouled liberty*, I think she must be very unhappy."—"That she certainly is," said Miss Stanton, "all *indolent* people are unhappy. *Self-reproach* and peace cannot abide

in

the same breast, and there is no lazy person but what must feel self-reproach. Our good Creator sent us into the world, not to pass our days in useless indolence, but in active industry."—"It is certainly very wrong to be idle," said Clara.—"Yes," replied Amelia, "but it is not as wicked in us, who are rich, as in poor people, who cannot eat unless they work."—"Industry is a duty as incumbent on a gentlewoman, my dear, as in the daughter of the poorest cottager,"

cottager," said Miss Stanton.—"It is true, a gentlewoman may engage in avocations which would be a great fault in the daughter of a tradesman to pursue, because, perhaps, they would give her ideas above her station in life, which people of good understanding will never cherish; but it is equally the duty of a gentlewoman, as one without family, friends, or fortune, to be industrious. Indolence weakens the nerves, engenders lassitude, and creates a

train

train of diseases, destructive to peace and happiness, while active industry is productive of health and comfort."

In the evening, Miss Stanton and her pupils took their accustomed walk.—As they passed the cottage, the little girl to whom Clara had given the money, joyfully ran after her, and shewed a pair of shoes, which her mother had purchased for her with the gift of her young benefactress. Clara's heart

heart bounded with delight, and pleasure sparkled in her eyes.—"Good deeds, my dear Clara," said Miss Stanton, observing the happiness which her countenance exhibited, "are always rewarded. Though no eye had witnessed your kindness to this poor child, though even she, herself, had not known you as her benefactress, yet would the consciousness of having acted properly, have amply rewarded your beneficence. Did all, who are rich, know the exquisite plea-

sure

sure which attends on good actions, they would abandon useless luxuries, which only enervate the constitution and harden the heart, and study those pleasures which have their reward in heaven, as well as here."

Under the sensible guidance of Miss Stanton, Clara and Amelia Waldron daily improved in virtue and in wisdom, and when even they speak of her, it is with the utmost reverence and respect.

From

From this little tale, I hope my young readers will perceive, the advantage of attending to the advice of those who are wiser and older than themselves; and that, whenever they are restrained by their governesses, or parents, from amusements which they are anxious to pursue, it is to promote their future good and happiness.

THE *TRIUMPH* OF *VIRTUE*;

A TALE.

CECILIA and Joanna Waldegrave were the daughters of a gentleman of large property. Nature had lavished on Cecilia, a person so lovely, that the most refined judges of beauty could not discover any fault in her form

form or face, while Joanna was very deformed and ugly, having a great hump upon her back, and a very disagreeable face. When the sisters were first introduced to strangers, Cecilia was surveyed with admiration, while poor Joanna's person excited nothing but disgust. But if Cecilia's person was so extraordinarily beautiful, her temper was so proud and haughty, that no one, when she was known to them, could love or admire her. Joanna, on the

contrary, possessed such a mild and amiable disposition, was so sweet-tempered, gentle, modest, and sensible, that her friends forgot the deformities of her person in the contemplation of her mind. It happened at the commencement of this history, that Mr. Waldegrave had a very rich relation returning from India, on whom he had great dependance.

Aware of the tyranny of Cecilia's disposition, he resolved to leave

leave no means untried to prevail on her to disguise her temper before his uncle, whom he well knew had a great aversion to pride and petulance. Cecilia laughed at the advice of her father, and contemplating her very beautiful face in the glass, thought such charms as she possessed could not fail of making her a favourite with her expected relation.

When Mr. Waldegrave had given his orders to Cecilia, he

requested Joanna to appear before him. "You are not insensible to the imperfections of your person, I believe, child," said he. "No, Sir;" modestly replied Joanna, "yet I have great cause to be very thankful to my Creator, who has given me a strong constitution and a contented heart."—"You are a very good girl," answered her father; "but as a little will suffice your wishes, and I am anxious to procure a splendid fortune for your beautiful sister, I must

must request, when my Lord Goldsworthy returns from India, you will confine yourself entirely to the apartments which open into the shrubbery, and never walk farther than the green wicket, at the bottom of the South walk."—"I shall with pleasure obey your commands, Sir," replied Joanna. "That you will obey me I have no doubt;" said her father, but "that it will be with pleasure I much doubt."—"You need not doubt, Sir;" said Joanna, "that

"that to obey the commands of you, my dear father, to whom, next to my great Creator, I am indebted for every comfort I enjoy, will ever be a pleasure." Mr. Waldegrave was affected, greatly affected at the nobleness of mind and sentiment which his daughter evinced, and his heart smote him for plunging her into solitude; but he considered her deformity as a misfortune, which he could not bear the idea of exposing to his rich and great relation.

Lord

Lord Goldsworthy was now hourly expected: Joanna was ordered to her apartments, there to pass her days in improving her mind, attended by an elderly lady, who loved, revered, and honoured her for her goodness, and for having saved her from great misery. In the mean time, the most splendid preparations were making for Lord Goldsworthy's arrival, and an immense sum of money lavished in costly ornaments to adorn the person of

Cecilia,

Cecilia, whose matchless beauty needed not the aid of art to encrease it.

Joanna beheld these preparations with a mildness and philosophy, which would have conferred honour on a much older person. When her sister appeared before her, arrayed in all the elegance of dress and fashion, she congratulated her, on her taste and beauty, in the sweetest manner imaginable, and wished her every possible hap-

happiness; and when Cecilia, her little head almost giddy with vanity, ran affectedly from the room, Joanna seated herself at her harp, and endeavoured to perfect herself in a very difficult piece of music, which she had heard her father much admire.

Mrs. Weston, with tears of admiration glistening in her eyes, kissed her cheek, and said—"I know not how to express the pleasure I feel, when

I con-

I contemplate your many excellencies."—"Dear Madam," modestly replied Joanna, "do not make me vain, by bestowing on me unmerited praise; what is there I do, but every reasonable creature would do. How can I look in the glass, and not behold my personal deformities—how can I *think*, and not be grateful to my good Creator for the understanding his mercy has bestowed on me—or how can I behold my beautiful sister, and not admire her. I was almost

angry,

angry, this morning, with Sally, who, I believe, loves me very well, when she said my dear father was unkind in secluding me, while my noble relation honours our house with his presence. I told her, my tender father was only anxious for my peace, and that he had shut me up, no doubt, to save me from having my feelings wounded by the remarks which strangers cannot fail of making on my person."—Mrs. Weston lent a delighted ear to the sensible con-

versation of Joanna, and formed a scheme, in her mind, of making Lord Goldsworthy acquainted with her many perfections; a scheme which, in the course of this history, will be unfolded to our young readers.

A few hours after this conversation, Lord Goldsworthy arrived, with a brilliant train of servants and of carriages. Joanna listened to the bustle his arrival made in the house, with the mildest composure; and,

at

at her usual hour, retired to her pillow, where sleep soon shed its softest influence.

Lord Goldsworthy was a middle aged man, of a most amiable disposition. He was not indifferent to the fascinations of beauty, but being very sensible, and very good, he preferred the unfading charms of virtue to the most lovely face in the world. In the morning, his Lordship quitted his chamber before the rest of the family

were stirring, and walked into the shrubbery to breathe the fresh air of morning, and admire the beauties of Nature.—Mrs. Weston observed him from the windows of Joanna's apartment, and immediately followed him. When she approached him, she dropped a respectful curtsey.—"Good morning to you, Madam;" said he, "you are an early riser."—Mrs. Weston answered in the affirmative.—"Can you have the goodness," said his Lordship, "to

"to tell me what that white building is, on the side of yonder green hill?"—"It is a house where six poor children are fed, cloathed, and educated."—"A noble institution," said his Lordship, "who patronises it?—"Joanna," said Mrs. Weston. "Who is Joanna?"—"I must be silent." "Very extraordinary."—"Will your Lordship walk to the village?"—"With all my heart." As they passed through the village, he remarked some peculiarly neat cottages, with woodbines and

jessamines twining round the windows; they were situated on a neat green, enclosed with white palisadoes.—" Will your Lordship rest yourself after your walk?" asked Mrs. Weston.—" With all my heart, if you can obtain that favour of the cottagers."—Mrs. Weston opened the gate, and his Lordship followed. If he was pleased with the external appearance of the houses, how much more was he delighted with the neatness and comfort which reigned within.

within. The inhabitants were old, but cheerful, clean, and as industrious as their age would permit.—"This is a perfect paradise;" said his Lordship, "who is its patroness?"—"One, God bless her!" said an old woman, "who is almost an angel."—"Joanna!" exclaimed Mrs. Weston, while a tear of rapture fell from her eyes—"Bring hither that child," continued Mrs. Weston, speaking to a rosy lass, who held a lovely infant in her arms; "Three months ago,

ago, this child lost its mother, who was a wandering stranger, and died in this village. The infant was then, a poor, feeble, squalid babe, whose helpless state called for the tenderest compassion. The overseers of the parish were going to send it to the work-house, when heaven sent a benevolent being to its aid, who paid a careful nurse for taking care of it, had it fed and clothed, and who will continue her bounty till the child is capable of providing for himself."

"The

—"The blessing of heaven light upon his noble friend."—"That friend," said Mrs. Weston, "was Joanna!" Lord Goldsworthy could no longer repress his curiosity: "Tell me," said he, "where I may find this Joanna; lead me quickly, lead me to the lovely creature." Mrs. Weston smiled; "Joanna," said she, "has an ugly face and a humped back.—She is not yet fifteen years old, yet you see she has done many a good action. Her grandfather left her twenty thou-

sand

sand pounds independent of her father, who, knowing her numerous virtues, allows her five hundred a year, which she expends in the most noble and charitable manner. But now I have entrusted your Lordship," continued Mrs. Weston, "with Joanna's little history; you must oblige me by remaining silent on her virtues, and not mention her name till I give you permission so to do." Lord Goldsworthy promised, and Mrs. Weston saying she had some farther

farther business in the village, he bade her good morning, and returned to Waldegrave House, silently meditating on the virtues of Joanna.

At breakfast, Cecilia presided with much grace and elegance as mistress of the ceremony. She had never looked more lovely than on this morning, nor could Lord Goldsworthy resist the pleasure of complimenting her on her beauty. "Your Lordship," answered Cecilia with

with an affected toss of her head and a silly lisp, "gives a proof of your taste, every one says I am the most beautiful girl in the country. William, remove the urn:—William!—Stupid block-head, why don't you obey my orders?" Lord Goldsworthy looked astonished, and thought at that moment he would rather have the ugliest creature in the world for his daughter, than such a tyrant as the beautiful Cecilia. However, he did not seem to notice her tyranny of

temper,

temper, but asked the same questions of Cecilia he had in the morning of Mrs. Weston, viz. "What white building it was which he saw on the side of the hill?—"Oh! my Lord," replied Cecilia, "that's a nonsensical building, which our Joanna has been foolish enough to raise to shelter a set of poor old wretches which it is time to bury out of the way."

"You," answered Lord Goldsworthy satirically, "would find

better ways to employ your money if you had it;—you are formed to sparkle in high life, and need not trouble yourself, whether those around you have food to eat or not."—"That, my Lord," answered the silly Cecilia, "is what I tell Joanna —but when I talk thus, she absolutely preaches a sermon to me, about charity, benevolence, and the duty which one mortal owes to another, nonsense, which *I* know nothing about."—"And pray," said his Lord-

ship, "who is this little rustic?" —"My sister, my Lord; but no more like me, than I am like the waxen effigy of Queen Ann, which my father shewed me in Westminster-abbey—She is as ugly as sin."—"Mr. Waldegrave," said his Lordship, "why have I not been introduced to your daughter? is it because she is ugly in person? Have you so poor an opinion of my understanding, as to suppose I can be so much attracted by outward appearances, as to

pass over, unnoticed, the amiable qualities of the mind?—Know, Sir, that though I may be charmed, for awhile, by a beautiful person, nothing but virtue can secure my esteem and approbation. If you value my friendship, let me immediately see Joanna."

Mr. Waldegrave, fearful of offending his Lordship, dispatched a footman, with a request, that Joanna would immediately attend, while Cecilia, bursting with

with envy and vexation, raved and cried in the most simple manner imaginable.

Joanna entered, with a modest and sensible timidity.—Lord Goldsworthy, at first, thought her very ugly, but the charms of her conversation were such, as to make him soon forget her personal imperfections. The gentleness of her disposition diffused a serenity over her countenance, which no one, of sense and feeling, could

contemplate with indifference; and the goodness of her heart displayed itself on every occasion.—When Lord Goldsworthy spoke of the unfeeling manner in which Cecilia mentioned the poor objects of her bounty, Joanna endeavoured to soften her cruelty as much as possible, but Lord Goldsworthy said—"You are very good, my dear, to strive to make me think favourably of your sister, but, trust me, there is no excuse for cruelty to the poor. Is it not enough,

enough, that they endure all the bitter ills of poverty, without being subject to the scorn and contempt of the wealthy? O! let every human creature remember, that the same Great Power made all, and that the poor man is as precious, in the sight of his Creator, as the rich."

The amiable qualities which Joanna possessed, in so eminent a degree, could not fail of winning the friendship of Lord Goldsworthy;

Goldsworthy; while the pride, haughtiness, and unfeeling conduct of Cecilia, excited his warmest disgust. As a reward for her goodness, he settled, on Joanna, a very splendid income, which she expended in a manner which did honour to her heart; and, at his death, he left her an immense property, alleging, in his will, he did it as a TRIFLING memento (for he thought it only a comparative reward) of the high estimation in which he held her virtues.

This

This little tale will, I hope, teach my young readers, how much more desirable it is to be *good* than beautiful, and that, however loveliness may please for awhile, virtue alone can gain the approbation of the sensible, and the favour of heaven.

THE

ORPHAN;

OR,

THE REWARD OF BENEVOLENCE.

AT a small, but elegant, house, near the beautiful village of Ivy-Bridge, in Devonshire, resided a widow lady, named Harley; she possessed a genteel independence, which, with the strictest economy, she made subservient

subservient to the most noble and charitable purposes. She was kind-hearted, benevolent, and merciful. Never was the weary traveller turned from her gate with taunting reproaches, or the wandering child of necessity driven from *her* house unrelieved; her heart and her purse were open to all who required her assistance. "The widow's mite she would say, is as acceptable in the sight of my Creator, as the rich man's offering;" and often

often would she exclaim in the words of the Poet,

" Without a vain without a grudging heart,
To *him* who gives us *all* I yield a part;
From him you come, from *him* accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."

One morning, as Mrs. Harley was walking through a beautiful meadow, adjoining her house, she was disturbed from her meditation by a feeble cry, which seemed to proceed from the hedge. The strength of fancy is very powerful, and convinced of this, Mrs. Harley supposed she

she must be deceived, till having listened, she again heard a feeble voice of complaint, and, with the most benevolent motives, immediately approached the hedge. Here she discovered a basket, ingeniously concealed from public view by the luxuriant branches of a honeysuckle. Convinced the sound must proceed from the basket, she immediately took it in her hand, when the following words, written on a bit of paper, and fastened to the handle of the

basket, awakened all her astonishment and curiosity. *To the respectable and worthy Mrs. Harley.* Being near her house, she hastened to it as fast as possible; and, ordering a servant to attend her, proceeded to her dressing-room, where having opened the basket, she discovered a beautiful *infant.* "Lovely baby," said she, "Child of Providence! the Almighty has cast you on my care, and I will not be unfaithful to the precious trust reposed in me; thou

shalt

shalt eat of my bread and drink of my cup, and be unto me as a daughter." Mrs. Harley having, for a moment, delivered the child to the care of her servant, now examined the contents of the basket, in the bottom of which was a letter addressed to herself, containing the following words:

"MADAM,

"The poor infant, committed to your care, is the orphan daughter of most amiable pa-

rents, whose beauty and accomplishments could only be equalled by their worth. But as the good are not always rewarded in this world, misfortunes of the most trying nature oppressed them, and three weeks since their remains were consigned to the grave. The sister of the infant's mother commits it to the protection of Mrs. Harley, fully assured she will accept and cherish it with maternal fondness. Business of the utmost consequence calls the writer of this

to

to the East-Indies.—Should Providence spare her to re-visit her native country, the child will then be claimed by her, who is,

Madam,

Your great Admirer,

And very humble Servant.

P. S. The child is named PRISCILLA.

Strange and singular as this incident appeared to Mrs. Harley, she resolved, in the most decided manner, to execute the trust reposed in her, with the

utmost exactitude. Nothing material occurred till Priscilla attained her tenth year, when a niece of Mrs. Harley's came into Devonshire, to pass a few months with her aunt. Catharine Howard was very *beautiful*, very proud, self-willed, and obstinate. Priscilla was a little brunette, with a pair of fine dark eyes, that expressed all the feelings of her innocent mind. She was sensible, well-informed, and peculiarly sweet tempered. She read better than many girls

of

of fourteen. When in company with the intelligent friends of Mrs. Harley, she paid the politest attention to their conversation, and never attempted to interrupt them by impertinent questions, or silly and useless remarks; but, when alone with Mrs. Harley, that good lady allowed her to interrogate her, and, if she conceived it proper, condescended to answer her questions. Miss Howard was the very reverse of Priscilla:—She derided instruction, laughed

at

at the advice of the wise and experienced, and was, therefore, more ignorant, than many of the poor cottagers, who lived in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Harley, who were frequently benefited by the instructions of the good little Priscilla.

One evening, Priscilla asked Miss Howard to take a walk—"that is," said she, "if Mamma," as she always called Mrs. Harley, "will give us leave; without her permission, I could not

not enjoy the pleasantest walk in the world."—"Nonsense!" answered the naughty Miss Howard, "we shall return before she leaves the library.—Surely, we can go, without asking leave?"—"Not for any thing you can offer me," said Priscilla, "would I disobey the commands of my dear Mamma."—"Bless me!" said Miss Howard, "you are so sanctified, and so demure; why, if we return before she leaves the library, it will be impossible for her

her to know it."—"I dare say we might go, without her knowledge, and return too;" replied Priscilla, "but that will not turn aside the sin of *disobedience*, which is offensive in the sight of our Creator, who you know, Catharine, is privy to our most secret actions."—Miss Howard laughed rudely.—"I protest," said she, "Priscilla, it is a great pity you are not a boy; you would make a fine Parson, in a black coat and bush wig."—"Fie! Catharine!"

rine!"—With this mild rebuke, Priscilla left Miss Howard, and hastened to Mrs. Harley. As she opened the door, she said—"I am come to ask your permission to walk as far as Jane Cowslip's cottage, Madam."—I am sorry I cannot grant your request, my dear;" said Mrs. Harley, "but I particularly wish you and Catharine to remain at home this evening."—"To obey my dear Mamma is my greatest pleasure," said Priscilla, as, with a curtsey, she withdrew.

withdrew. In the hall she met Catharine with her tippet in one hand and her hat in the other. "Well, Prissy, said she, "has grave Aunt given us permission to walk?"—"No, my dear;" said Priscilla.—"Then I'll e'en go without;" said Catharine.—"Surely!" exclaimed Priscilla, "you are jesting? you cannot mean to go without the knowledge, and in direct opposition to the wish of my dear Mamma?"—"Yes, but I do," replied Catharine.—"I am very

sorry

sorry to hear you say so," said Priscilla, "and am convinced you will have cause to repent your behaviour."—"Not unless you turn *tell-tale*," answered Catharine, "for my Aunt will never know it."—"Pray don't go, Catharine!"—"Indeed, but I will; and now you may go and tell as fast as you can."—Thus saying, Catharine ran from the house as fast as she could, and directed her steps towards the village, for a short time exulting in the idea of having de-

ceived her good Aunt. Having crossed a stile, she was proceeding hastily along, when the roaring of a bull threw her into the greatest agony, and she screamed violently. But how was her terrour increased, when, looking behind her, she perceived the fierce beast hastily following her, every now and then digging his horns into the earth, and furiously throwing the fresh turf over his head. Poor Catharine, faint, exhausted, and sinking with terrour, at length

length reached the stile, where a countryman, with a great oaken cudgel in his hand, hastened to her assistance, having providentially heard the screams of Catharine and the roaring of the bull as he was at work near the village. Having recovered her fright, in a great measure, the honest peasant prepared to attend her home by another road, saying—" he much wondered Madam Harley allowed her to go by herself."—Catharine coloured violently, but replied not.

In the meantime, while Catharine was experiencing the greatest horrour at being pursued by the bull, Priscilla was contentedly seated on a moss bank in the garden, reading a very elegant publication, called "Mental Improvement," which had been given her by Mrs. Harley, till desired, by a servant, to attend that lady in the library.

"Where is Catharine, my love?" asked Mrs. Harley.—"Dear Madam, I am almost afraid

afraid to tell you, but pray do not be angry with her; I am sure Catharine, for the future, will not disobey your orders; she is too good not to be sensible of her fault."—"You are a very good girl to plead for her, Priscilla, it is what every sweet-tempered child should do; but, till I know the extent of her fault, I will not promise my pardon."—"Catharine," said Priscilla, "Catharine, Madam, is gone to the village."—"To the village! poor unhappy

child!" exclaimed Mrs. Harley, "may she be spared from that fate which her disobedience merits. May she return safe from the fury of a bull, which was this morning placed in one of the fields leading to the village." As Mrs. Harley ceased speaking, she saw Catharine, attended by the countryman, coming towards the house; she felt gratitude to that gracious Providence which had preserved her, but was at the same time grieved that her neice had

evinced

evinced such a perverse and obstinate disposition. When Catharine appeared in the presence of her aunt, she looked like a culprit before a judge. The deep blush of shame covered her cheeks; her eyes, unable to bear the fixed gaze of Mrs. Harley, were timidly cast to the ground; she trembled with fear, lest her behaviour should be punished with the severity it deserved, and experienced in her mind the most dreadful feelings imaginable.

And

And here, let the author assure her young readers, no one can live in the commission of a crime, without enduring the tortures of a guilty conscience which are too dreadful to be described.

Mrs. Harley thanked and rewarded the countryman for the care he had taken of Catharine; and, having dismissed him, addressed her neice in the following words:

"By

"By your conduct this evening, Catharine, I imagine you are totally unacquainted with the fatal effects of DISOBEDIENCE, with the punishment due for this sin. Have you forgotten the fifth commandment? 'Honour thy father and mother.' I am at present the representative of that father and mother, and claim the obedience due to them. My dear Catharine, you are not aware of the heinousness of the crime which you have committed. In disobeying

obeying my commands, you have offended your good Creator; the Scripture saith, 'Children, obey your parents!' your Catechism teacheth you to submit to 'all your governors." Children, though totally unable to judge for themselves, are apt to imagine the commands of their parents or governesses harsh, severe, and unjust. Poor mistaken little ones! what appears to them so disagreeable, results from kindness and goodwill. I knew, Catharine, the

bull,

bull, which has so much terrified you, was placed in the field you past through, and therefore wished to prevent you and Priscilla from going to the village." —" Dear Aunt, forgive me," said Catharine, " had you told me why you wished me not to go, I would have remained at home."—" To save yourself from the terrour you have now experienced, not in obedience to my strict commands, I wished to try your disposition, to see how far your sense of the duty

due

due to me extended. Priscilla has proved herself a worthy child; sensible that the commands of an experienced friend ought to be obeyed, her own feelings will be her reward—your's, your punishment." For several days Mrs. Harley took very little notice of Catharine, while Priscilla was distinguished by every mark of kindness and indulgence. Sunday being arrived, the children attended Mrs. Harley to church. Priscilla prayed devoutly, and listened attentively

attentively to the sermon, while Catharine played with her prayer-book, or her pocket-book, totally inattentive to the good instructions the clergyman was delivering. Mrs. Harley was greatly shocked at the impiety which Catharine evinced, and, as they returned home, endeavoured to convince her of the beauty and holiness of religion, and the comforts which arise from it. But Catharine, though she was silent, during the time her Aunt was speak-

ing, and appeared to be very attentive, inwardly contemned the great truths this good woman endeavoured to impress on her mind, and turned to ridicule the most solemn, pious, and affecting language.

During Catharine's residence with her Aunt, an account came to Mrs. Harley, of the death of both that young lady's parents. Poor Mrs. Harley was greatly affected, as Mr. Howard, her brother, was the

only

only near relation time HAD spared her—"Now to the dust gone down."—Though her heart was weighed down with affliction, though her best beloved friend was gone to the chambers of the grave, yet she struggled to submit, with devout resignation, to the will of her Creator, and, by patient submission, softened this great sorrow, and bore it with the fortitude of a CHRISTIAN. Catharine's guardians immediately recalled her from Devonshire, and Mrs. Harley was

once more left alone with the young Priscilla, who every day improved in the accomplishments of her sex, and in the virtues of the heart.

Several years past on.—Priscilla was now sixteen, when, one morning, as Mrs. Harley sat reading, while Priscilla worked, a servant entered, and presented that worthy lady a letter. As she perused it, Priscilla remarked, with affectionate concern, the varied expressions of

of her countenance. She saw the tear tremble in her eye, and the labouring sigh heave her bosom. When Mrs. Harley came to the conclusion, the letter dropped from her hand, and she piously exclaimed—"the Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, blessed be his holy name." Then, taking Priscilla by the hand, she said—"My dear child, it grieves me more on your account than on my own, since my life cannot be prolonged many years, that my

little fortune, which was entrusted to the care of a banker in London, is for ever lost; he, poor man, is become a bankrupt, and will not be able to pay a shilling in the pound."

"Dearest benefactress," said Priscilla, "best of women and of friends, when I was a helpless infant, you took me to your arms, and, as I grew up, gave me the best education, and treated me with the tenderness of a Mother. Often has your

poor

poor Priscilla wished it was in her power, to express to you, the warm gratitude she feels for your goodness—NOW she will do it. Dry your tears, dear Madam, we shall do extremely well. My pencil, my needle, and my music, are inexhaustible treasures; they shall all be made subservient to your comfort."

Mrs. Harley clasped the grateful girl to her heart, and shed tears of delight.

The

The next morning Priscilla went to Plymouth, (which is but ten miles from Ivy-bridge,) and made it known to the friends of Mrs. Harley, it was her intention to take a certain number of young ladies under her tuition. All, who knew Mrs. Harley, were eager to place their children under the care of so good a woman; and, in the course of a week, Mrs. Harley received twelve beautiful little girls into her house.

Never

Never was a young woman so industrious, so assiduous to the education of the children, or so tenderly attentive to the wishes of her benefactress, as was Priscilla; not a moment of her time was mis-spent, every hour was filled up with some useful avocation. The children loved, revered, and improved rapidly under her tuition. Thus passed six months. At the end of that time, as Priscilla walked on the lawn with her young pupils, an elegant carriage drove

up

up to the door, and a lady, very fashionably drest, enquired for Mrs. Harley. The servant, who attended, conducted her into the parlour, where that lady sat.

"Nearly seventeen years since, Madam," said the stranger, "you received into your house a little orphan girl—she, who committed her to your care, now stands before you, and claims her niece, if death has

has not put a period to her existence."

"She lives!" said Mrs. Harley, while tears rolled down her cheeks at the idea of parting with her beloved Priscilla—"She lives! the PRIDE, the COMFORT, the SUPPORT of my declining years."

At that moment Priscilla entered the room.—"Priscilla, dearest Priscilla," said Mrs. Harley, "we must SEPARATE."

"NEVER,

"NEVER, revered and honoured Madam!" exclaimed the lady, "I am but her Aunt, you are her friend, benefactress, Mother. Take," she continued, "this casket, it contains immense riches, the property of Priscilla; receive it, Madam, as the portion of the Orphan, and the reward of Benevolence."

The future days of Mrs. Harley glided by in peace. The happy trio (for Priscilla's

Aunt

Aunt remained with them,) were distinguished as the *soothers* of the *unhappy*, the *relievers* of *poverty*, and the *friends* of GENIUS.—The rich admired them, the poor blessed them, and the afflicted looked to them for COMFORT.

THE BEGGAR.

"PLEASE to bestow your charity, good young lady," said a poor pallid and shivering beggar girl, "my Daddy is dead, and my dear Mammy so sick, she cannot work, and my little Brothers and Sisters want food."—"I have nothing for you, child," said the proud unfeeling,

feeling, but rich Miss Luttrell, as she stepped into her Father's chariot, which waited to take her an airing—" pray go about your business, and do not disturb one with your dismal voice."—" Alas! for pity!" exclaimed the poor child, " give me, Madam, a trifle for my poor Mother."—" I have nothing for you, wretch;" and the carriage immediately drove on. The little beggar, her eyes filled with tears, with slow and melancholy steps, proceeded

towards the cottage of her sick Mother. Her little heart was bursting with grief—her Mother was almost perishing for want, and she, alas! had no means, but the alms of the charitable, to supply her necessities. As Patty mournfully bent her eyes to the ground, she saw something glitter, and stooped to pick it up—it was a silver net purse, filled with gold.—Patty's heart, for a moment, bounded with joy—"O!" cried she, "how rich my Mother will

will be! how happy! I shall no longer be obliged to beg."—Patty's sensations of bliss were but momentary. The natural purity and rectitude of her mind returned.—"The money is not mine;" said she, "I have no claim to it. I must endeavour to find the right owner." Patty now hastened to the cottage, to ask the advice of her Mother.—"Look, dear Mother, what I have found!" said she, "O, Mother, what must I do with it?"—"Return

it to the lawful owner. If we are poor, Patty, we will be honest; and do not fear, my dear girl, we shall yet taste of the mercy of God."—" Dear Mother !" exclaimed Patty, looking through the cottage window,—" I see his reverence, the Rector, coming this way."—" Run to him, Patty, and tell him what you have found." Patty did as her Mother commanded.—" I know," said the good Rector, with a smile, " to whom the purse belongs.

But

But pray, little girl, who are you?"—"A poor child, and please your reverence, who has been this morning begging alms for my sick Mother."—"Where does she live?" asked the Rector.—"In yonder cottage, Sir."—"Lead me to her;" said the good man. Patty and the Rector were soon at the cottage. The situation in which he beheld the Mother of Patty, excited his warmest compassion, and awakened, in his breast, the highest admiration of their honesty.

honesty. He enquired how long the poor woman had been ill, and why she did not apply to the parish for assistance.—"Alas! Sir!" said she, "I have great and rich relations in this neighbourhood, who ought to help me and my poor babes. To be sure, they are but Cousins, but what of that, Sir, we are of the same flesh. I am sure, if they wanted, they should share my last morsel of bread."—"Pray what is their name?" asked the Rector.—"Luttrel,

"Luttrell, and please your reverence."—"What! the Nabob?"—"The same. My Father and his were Brothers, Sir. He died, when Mr. Luttrell was an infant, and my parent, who was a farmer, took home my Cousin, and maintained him till he was sixteen, when he went out to India as a gentleman's servant, and returned about five years ago, a rich and great man. My husband was then living—he was but a labouring man, Sir, but we had enough

enough for our humble wishes; but, when he died, I was left destitute, with seven small children, the eldest of them is Patty. It was then I thought of applying to my Cousin for help. I foolishly thought, if my Cousin were to see me, as we were brought up together, he would help to provide for my poor children, so I walked thirty miles, with my babes, to the great house, where he lives; but would you believe it, Sir, the cruel man disowned me,

and

and said, if I troubled him again, he would have me sent to the house of correction. Almost broken hearted, I returned to this poor cottage, which is let, by a farmer in the village, ready furnished. Here I determined to remain, hoping the hard-hearted man would repent of his unkindness. But no, I have waited six months in vain. I have worked in the fields, till within this week—so has Patty. But a violent cold, which I caught by weeding the damp

grass,

grass, has given me the rheumatism, which confines me to the bed. We have exhausted all our little stock of provisions, and this morning I sent poor Patty to beg at her proud Cousin's—but alas, Sir, she was turned, with contempt, from the door."

"Never fear, my good woman," said the Rector, "God never deserts the *meek in spirit, the just, the widow, and the oppressed.* All these you have proved yourself. And now let

me

me tell you, the purse, which Patty has found, belongs to the good Lady Hallier; she lost it this morning, and her servants are now in search of it. Come with me to her Ladyship, Patty, I'll answer for it she will reward your honesty.

Patty modestly followed him to Lady Hallier's, where the Rector, who was a constant visitor, was instantly admitted, while Patty was desired to wait in the hall, till requested to at-

tend her Ladyship. In a few moments Patty was desired, by a servant, to follow him, and, with a palpitating heart, she ascended to Lady Hallier's dressing-room. Her Ladyship received her with the utmost affability.—"So much am I charmed with your honesty, my dear girl," said she, "that I know not how to express the pleasure it gives me. You shall live with me, Patty; and, for the future, have every comfort my house will afford."—"My Lady,"

Lady," said Patty, "you are very, very good. I am very grateful to your Ladyship, but, indeed, indeed, I cannot leave my poor sick mother. When she is well, your Ladyship, and able to go abroad into the fields, I will attend your Ladyship." —"What!" said Lady Hallier, "would you rather return to your wretched cottage, and there, without food, and almost without cloathing, sit and watch your sick Mother, than live in this fine house, and have a coach

to ride in?"—"Yes, your Ladyship; for how could I eat a good dinner, while my Mother was in want of one? or ride in a fine coach, when she cannot even walk?—No, no, I can't leave my Mother."—"Dear Patty, good child! you shall not leave your Mother while she is ill; you shall return to her, Patty, but it shall be to comfort her. While you are good and dutiful, you shall never want a friend."—Lady Hallier now rang, and ordered two of her

servants

servants to attend Patty to the cottage, one carrying a large basket of the nicest provisions, the other a box of clothes. Patty's heart was near bursting with joy; for several minutes she could not speak, to thank her noble benefactress, but fell on her knees, covered her face with her hands, and wept. Then, in pious and simple words, returned thanks, first to God, and then to her benefactress. Patty now took her leave of Lady Hallier, and, with swift steps,

and a heart lightened of half its griefs, hastened to her Mother. The joy and gratitude of the poor woman was such as might be expected from so good an heart. She partook, with thankfulness, of the comforts Lady Hallier had sent her, and sunk into a sweet and refreshing slumber.

Patty's Mother soon recovered from her illness, and being made comfortable by Lady Hallier, who placed her in a farm,

Her

her days passed peacefully and happily, while Patty lived with Lady Hallier, beloved and respected by all who knew her; and so much was she admired for her many good qualities, that, before she was twenty, she was married to a very respectable farmer, who possessed considerable property.

While Patty's days glided on in honest industry and virtuous pleasures, her proud and unfeeling Cousin, who denied her relationship

relationship and contemned her poverty, though surrounded by magnificence and luxuries of every kind, passed her days unsatisfactory to herself, and useless to the world. The poor silly girl was continually acting in opposition to the commands of her parents, which is a dreadful sin, and will always be avoided by good children, who wish to be beloved by their friends, and approve themselves in the sight of God, their Creator. The last step of disobedience which Miss Lut-

trell

trell was guilty of, was that of marrying her Father's Valet. When the news of his daughter's marriage met his ears, Mr. Luttrell, in a paroxism of passion, made a solemn vow never to see her again. Poor Miss Luttrell retired to a lodging, in an adjoining town, where her husband remained with her no longer than while he dissipated her money, and then making free with her jewels, left her suffering under a nervous disorder, and utterly without the

means

means of subsistence. Again she applied to her father, but he was deaf to her entreaties, and in a night, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, she was turned out of *that door*, which a few years before she had turned her Cousin from. On this very night, as Patty, her Mother, Sisters, Brothers, and Husband, were seated around a blazing fire, telling merry stories, Patty hastily exclaimed—hush! sure I heard the voice of distress!" The tale was instantly

stantly suspended, and the most profound silence ensued, till broken by a groan from the outside of the house. Patty instantly started from her seat, and followed by the whole group, proceeded to the door, which, on opening, she discovered a poor woman lying on the ground, and, assisted by her husband, raised her in her arms. But who can paint her astonishment, on discovering this forlorn wretch to be

no

no other, than the late proud Miss Luttrell. Patty remembered how she had once treated her, but she *remembered it as a Christian*—she returned GOOD for EVIL. Having assisted her Cousin to the fire, rubbed her temples, hands, and feet, with brandy, and, by her kind attentions, restored the unfortunate to a sense of her situation, her Cousin opened her eyes, and, casting them on Patty, uttered a fearful shriek,

and

and entreated her not to look on her. "Wretch that I am, wretch that I have been," said she, "I do not deserve thy pity."—"The *wicked* and the unfortunate," said Patty, "always deserve our pity, and should receive our assistance. I am not *very* rich in the good things of this world, nevertheless I have something to spare, towards relieving the wants of my fellow-creatures." "Ah! but can you forgive

me?"—"Yes!" said Patty, "else how can I hope my Creator will forgive me my manifold sins and wickedness."

Patty put her poor Cousin to bed, where she lingered a few hours, and then expired, saying—"had I been GOOD, I should have been HAPPY; the GUILTY and the UNFEELING can never taste of PEACE." Patty lived long and happily, a striking example to the world,

that

that HONESTY, FILIAL DUTY, and RELIGION, are well-pleasing in the sight of the Almighty, who is the punisher of VICE, and the liberal rewarder of VIRTUE.

THE END.

H. Bryer, Printer, Bridewell-Hospital.